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PRICE TEN CENTS.



HATCHED ONE AT LAST.

After Twenty Years of Unproductive Eggs.



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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### Cartoons and Comments

**SHE IS ON THE WAY.** THE woman in politics has come to stay. In the campaign just concluded her part was prominent. By no means did she play the clinging vine to man's sturdy oak. She did no clinging. She branched out for herself. In States where she could vote, she voted. In States where she could not, she talked;—or a goodly number of her did. Possibly, much of the courtesy which marked the campaign, moderation in speech and the absence of invective, was due to her presence. If so, let us hope that the novelty of her will not wear off. It was pleasant to have a campaign in which few were "branded as liars." One woman we await, however, with fear and trembling, and with moral certainty that she is on the way. The gathering of the feminine clans at the muster-place of politics makes her inevitable, and her name is The Lady Boss.

**A RETURNING tourist** once said that if every American voter could have the experience of being held up at the Custom-House and made to pay in part again for what he had already paid for once, the obnoxious tariff would be revised in short order. It sounds reasonable. A session with the Customs men, plus a knowledge that the tariff they are levying is largely for the benefit of monopoly, rather than Uncle Sam, would knock the indifference out of almost any citizen. There is another way of accomplishing the same end, however. Instead of simply chortling with joy every time he reads that a millionaire's trunks have been held for examination at the Custom-House, let the average American turn his tariff thoughts nearer home. Even if the

millionaire is forced to pay a goodly sum in duties, in all probability he can afford it, and will suffer no hardship in the paying. Look nearer home. Whenever you buy two pounds of steak for your family dinner, you are held up at the Custom-House. And whenever you purchase a suit of clothes you are held up. Or a pair of shoes. Or a paper of pins. If your wife buys a sewing-machine, she is held up, and most effectively. You don't have to go through the Custom-House bodily, with a trunk and a grip or two, to experience the sensation. You may enjoy it every day, with none of the cost of a trip to Europe.

If the money which you pay were merely your share of the Federal Government's needs, the hold-up would not be called by so harsh a name. It would be a tax. But as it is, whether you actually come through the Custom-House or whether you pass through it figuratively, in your own home every day, hold-up is precisely the right word. Monopoly, not the Government, gets the lion's share of the benefit. Whether your purchase is a fur-lined overcoat or half-a-pound of chuck-steak, Monopoly holds you up and uses the hands of the Government to do it. Furthermore, if it came to a choice, Monopoly would sacrifice its tariff tribute from the fur overcoat which was bought abroad sooner than let go its right to levy on the steak which was bought at home. A great many more people are buying steaks than fur overcoats.



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"Me for the golf-links, sir," she said.

**ONE result** of the coming of the Parcels Post is noticeable in the attitude of the big express companies toward the public. The Government will not embark in the parcel-carrying business until January 1, but already the express companies are anticipating its competition. There is to be no bitter warfare, apparently. Suggestions and instructions to express - company employees these days are full of such words as courtesy, efficiency, and promptness. The heads of the concerns have at last discovered the public's right to care and consideration, and word is being passed along the line. From the famous VANDERBILT dictum, of long ago, "The public be damned," we seem to have progressed to a much better maxim, "The public be served."



LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

The village rich man died a few weeks ago, and now we are all discussing his will.  
Moral: Everybody knows what the other fellow should do with his money.

## GETTING HIS.

**B**ROWN sought the Fields Elysian and hammered at the gate.  
"Sit down," said Rhadamanthus, "till we figure up your slate."  
"I guess," said Brown, "you'll like its looks; I never did much wrong."  
I was a leading business man and helped my town along.  
My note was good throughout the State; Dun rated me at A."  
"Um-m, yes," said Rhad., "but let's see what the slate has got to say."  
The slate was brought and handed Rhad. It showed but minor sin.  
Said Rhadamanthus, with a smile: "I guess you can come in."  
He turned it over absently and paused in some surprise.  
"Hold on! I see they've charged you here with several million lies."  
"With several million lies?" said Brown. "I guess there's some mistake. I never lied extensively." Rhad. gave his head a shake.  
"I see now how it is," said he. "These lies your clerks have told To sell your goods and keep their jobs, while you raked in the gold. Of course, we can't blame them at all for what they had to do; But someone has to answer, so we've charged them up to you."  
"But don't you see?" said Brown, "it's just a custom of the trade."  
Said Rhad.: "A lie by proxy is the worst kind, I'm afraid.  
I'll call up Charon's ferry—don't forget your hat and coat—South Hades line, and have them hold the seven-thirty boat!"

Walter G. Doty.

## YUP! IT HITS 'EM ALL.

"It's not the high cost of living," said Mr. J. B. Lobbyguy, as he settled his spectacles into a severe line across his usually amiable features, "it's the cost of high living."

"There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when our law-making bodies were filled with hard-working, abstemious, high-minded men for whom a hundred dollars made a noise like a cannon.

When a street-railway wanted a perpetual franchise, or when some manufacturer found it necessary to work his people fourteen hours a day instead of twelve, it was only a matter of bringing it before the boys in the right light, helping them out of some little financial corner, and the thing would be done.

"The Public Service Corporation or the Private Service Corporation would get what it wanted, and here and there through the country you'd see a new spring-wagon or a fresh coat of paint on a house or a store with an extra large plate-glass window.

"But take those same men an' th' way they act now!

"If I should come to them to-night with a hundred-dollar bill, they'd turn me over to the police.

"When they pass a bill these days, they've got to have their automobiles and their chorus-girls and their eleven-course banquet and their five thousand dollars in a plain sealed envelope, and their this and their that, till you'd think you were selling a bill of goods to the Shah of Persia.

"And I give the American people warning we're not going to stand for it much longer. If the men they elect to represent them ain't more moderate in their demands there'll be a French Revolution in this country—yes, sir, a French Revolution!"



## PREPARATIONS.

BACKWOODSMAN. — Then old man Hoskins seemed to know he was goin' to die?

HIS NEAREST NEIGHBOR. — Yep. 'Bout a week before he died he left off beatin' his wife, give his dogs away, and put on his socks.

**T**he man who robs Peter to pay Paul generally intends to strike Paul for a larger loan later on.

# PUCK

## AFTER ELECTION.

HERE, little boss, don't cry!  
They have shaken your grip, I know;  
And your big machine,  
And your whip so keen,  
Seem things of the long ago;  
But these little troubles will soon pass by,—  
There, little boss, don't cry!

There, little boss, don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know;  
And your candidates,  
And your sway of States,  
Seem things of the long ago.  
But the future should bring you a brighter sky,—  
There, little boss, don't cry!

There, little boss, don't cry!  
They have broken your graft, I know;  
And your ready cash,  
And your power to smash,  
Seem things of the long ago;  
Patience!—these times will soon blow by,—  
There, little boss, don't cry!

Louis Schneider.



## SUCCESS AT LAST.

HE man stepped into the office and made for a desk behind which a forbidding-looking person was seated. The face of the caller was a study of discovery, triumph, and confidence, and not unlike the expression of a man in possession of inside information. He carried a squat pail, which he hefted to the ledge of the desk and breathed: "There!"

The hard-visaged individual at the desk lifted the cover of the pail and ran his fingers through its contents. "Too hard!" he snapped.

"But," cried the caller, as an alien bevy of emotions gamboled on his face, "this stuff is of the consistency of glue!"

"That may be, but it must be softer for our trade," growled the man behind the desk.

The man who entered like Alexander walked out like Thersites, lugging his pail behind him.

A few days later much the same scene was enacted with the same principals.

"This stuff won't do!" roared the man behind the desk, as he roweled the man before him with his angry eyes.

"But," pleaded the caller, "it's of the consistency of axle-grease."

"That's the trouble with it!" snarled the man behind the desk. "There's too much body to it for our trade."



BARBER.—How shall I cut your hair, sir?  
LITERARY PERSON.—Same as last time, varlet!



## A REGULAR CUT-UP.

MRS. CLANCY.—The daredevil would loight his poipe wid a stick av dynamite, and—

MRS. HOGAN.—"I was jest loike Tim! What'll he be doin' next?

Still, on another occasion, another pail was presented for consideration.

"Nix!" snarled the man behind the desk.

"Good Heavens!" shrieked the victim. "I've worked on it for two days and two nights and have got it down to the consistency of paste."

"That may be, but we don't want it."

The caller then gripped his pail and walked out as blithely as a hangman.

A week later he returned with his pail. This time his face was a tragic amalgam of desperation, agonizing hope, and homicidal mania. He dumped the pail on the ledge and glared at his implacable Nemesis.

Suddenly the man behind the desk shouted: "I congratulate you for your persistence!" his granite face uplifting as he ran his hands through the quivering mass in the pail. He then got up, patted the caller on the back, and said: "Your product is now of the consistency of MUSH and adapted to our clientele!"

Then the Uplift Editor of a Park Row Penny Pabulum directed his assistant to write out a check for his persistent caller. John Burke.



FOOTBALL:  
A FORWARD PASS.

## THE BUILDER.

GOD! But I'm sick of my buildin':  
Mixin' my mortar with lies;  
Raisin' up rotten cheap houses begotten  
For nothin' but bunkin' the eyes.

Buildin'! And what's it to Them, now,  
Once it's inspected and passed?  
Guaranteed builded and heated and gilded  
And sold to some widow at last!

Horatio Winslow.

## HERS.

"TRUTH is mighty and will prevail!" sang the Wise Man, confidently. But Truth herself smiled bitterly.

"I used to believe that, too," said she. "And for a long time I did prevail. Then home talent gave a play. That's where I got mine." She sighed.

"Mine!" she repeated. "After the show I went around to the office of the local newspaper to see about having the affair written up right, and they slammed the door in my face."



IN THE DICTOGRAPH ERA.  
MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF A CROOKED CORPORATION.

CHANTICLEER.

CHANTICLEER crowed fit to split his throat. "Of course," sneered the thoughtful few, "you don't cause the sunrise by all that uproar!" "No," replied Chanticleer, frankly, "not at all. But if I can bunk enough of the people enough of the time into thinking I do, why I become a great political party, don't you see, and under our form of government great political parties are indispensable."

This fable teaches that any movement looking to the suppression of unnecessary noises should employ much discrimination.



IS N'T IT —

Two men, bundled up in a wagon-load of clothes, can't stand talking two minutes without going somewhere to "warm up."

A SCANDINAVIAN SCALD.

WHEN Frieda from her mountain height Her face toward Ellis Island turned, She tore up everything in sight As far as English is concerned. And when she missed the smiling face Of our young hopeful from the place She asked her mistress in dismay: "How long your boy, he stay away?" "Well, Frieda, if he does n't fail, Our son will spend a year in Yale." O'er Frieda's puzzled face there came A blush of sympathy and shame; "Oh my, I'm sorry now I speak— My Yon, he ban in yale a week!"

Frank Hill Phillips.

PARENTHESES.

M R. WALBUR WILBURTON (who draws one hundred thousand dollars a year from steel mills whose employees work twelve-hour shifts) has just given fifty dollars to provide cheery Christmas cards for the down-and-outs on the Bowery.

Mrs. Lorgnette (whose income is derived from the rent of houses devoted to immoral purposes) has just given a thousand dollars to buy pocket-handkerchiefs for fallen women.

Mr. Goodheart (whose department store pays its girl help five dollars a week) has just set aside a large sum of money to purchase dolls for the "Little Mothers" of the crowded East Side.

AT BOTTOM.

THE Red Man at length advanced so far as to marry in the manner of the palefaces. But he was still an Indian at bottom.

So that, when numerous friends tied ribbons to his luggage and played other pranks usual at civilized weddings, he reverted to his savage nature and did not wince.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the onlookers, thinking how nice it was to be so stoical.



— FUNNY? —

But two women in a kimono or a wrapper will stand all a frosty morning talking over the back fence.

*If, as has been said, we really profit by our mistakes, every man-jack of us would be declaring dividends daily.*



THE MAKING OF A SOCIALIST.

## PUCK



STANDING up on a sight-seeing automobile with the streets in that condition was about as easy as standing on the bridge of a ship during a storm at sea, but the "lecturer" stuck gamely to his job. "Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, as the car bumped out of a big hole in Nassau Street into Wall, "we are now in the Sacred Precincts of Finance. Here the goddess Fortuna holds undisputed sway. The building before you with the Greek temple exterior"—here the rear wheels fell into another deep hole and the car gave a lurch that almost threw the speaker into the street—"is the New York Stock Exchange. There, to the sacerdotal altar of speculation, the worshipers"—here the fore-wheels dropped a full six inches and the big car gave another terrific plunge—"bring their burnt offerings."

The big man on the front seat gripped the side-railing to keep himself from being thrown off. "A sort of holy city, this, as it were," he muttered grimly to himself.

PRESIDENT UNDERWOOD of the Erie has just announced that he intends to walk to Chicago. It would n't be good form, of course, for him to use any other road than his own. And probably he's in a hurry to get there.

IT was only a bucket-shop, but even in bucket-shops they have to draw the line somewhere, and the sight of such an utterly dirty, unkempt, and disheveled individual sitting calmly in front of the board was most unusual. How he got there nobody knew. The point was that he was there—and that everybody else in the room was sitting just as far away from him as they could possibly get; for which there was good reason.

After a while somebody started up a discussion about how the mix-up in southeastern Europe was likely to affect us. One man thought it would be a good thing for us because they'd have to buy our wheat to feed their armies, and our copper to make ammunition to kill each other. Another man said that was all nonsense, and would be offset, anyway, by the fact that when they all fell to fighting they'd stop buying other things in this market.

The discussion was getting good and hot when the disheveled one came over and acted as though he were about to mix in. The man who had gotten off the talk about the increased wheat and copper exports glared at him truculently. "We'd like your opinion, if you'd care to favor us with it," he said sarcastically, with a look round at his companions.

"My opinion?" the filthy one returned. "I don't know nothing about it. Only that if this here war in Bulgaria was to be prolonged, I might have trouble gettin' me regular supply of otter-of-roses."

ONCE upon a time there was a man whose income suddenly stopped. He knew that in a year or so things would be all right again, and so he did n't worry; but in the meantime he very sensibly cut his expenses as much as he possibly could. A whole lot of things ordinarily accounted necessities he did n't buy at all. "I'll run as close to the wind as I can," he said to himself, "and tide myself over with what I've got on hand."

In due time the situation cleared and the man's income was restored to just what it was before. It was really only then that he began to suspect how many things he had done without, and how his needs had accumulated. He found it out mighty soon when he started in to buy the clothes and other things he needed to put him where he was before the trouble came.

The steel-manufacturing companies are in just that same position at the present time. After a year or more of the roughest kind of going the money is coming in again, and in a very satisfactory manner. But, exactly as with the man who made the old suit do for one more season, there has been an accumulation of needs. Skimping along with little or no appropriation for renewals and repairs is all very well for a while, but can't go on for any great length of time. Sooner or later it comes to a point where, if permanent deterioration is to be avoided, the money has got to be spent.

The first instalment of the man's restored income looked pretty big to him—until he figured up what he needed to buy out of it. The same thing is true with regard to the present earnings of some of these steel companies. They're really not as big as they look.

Franklin.

### THE DEPRAVITY OF THE INANIMATE.



BY is it on the morning when you struggle might and main  
To shave and eat your breakfast—catch the early morning train—  
In the ten or fifteen minutes which are all that now remain.

Why is it that it's always on this day  
Your razor's dull as thunder; it's a cinch you'll cut your face;  
You need another shoestring, for you're sure to break the lace;  
Your hat is always missing—can't they leave it in its place?

Why is it so? Can anybody say?

Though your record at the office for a month is something great,  
And you're often down so early that you sit around and wait,—  
Why is it on the morning when you're just a trifle late,  
And you try to reach your desk without a show,  
You never strike a morning when the Boss is tardy too,  
You always find the office in a panic and a stew,  
And you learn for half-an-hour he's been asking after you,—  
Why is it now? Does anybody know?

Frank Hill Phillips.



WHEN GREEK MEETS TURK.

*Contentment consists in the temporary forgetfulness of the things we would like to have next.*

### THE SOCIAL REGISTER.

AS DICTATED BY THE ELEVATOR-BOY AT THE STUFFADOR APARTMENT HOUSE.

MRS. WELLINGTON.—She's an awful friendly lady, but she ain't got no pride. Why, she talks to me all the time asking me how I like the work and all such as that. She's a nice lady and she gives me fruit-cake,—but no, suh, she ain't very high up.

MR. HICKLY.—Him and his wife is nice people even if you do see 'em carryin' bundles that they ought to have sent. But he ain't got no way with him. Yesterday he give me a dollar and kind of talked about it like it was n't so much till I did n't feel like it was more 'n a nickel.

MR. AND MRS. DE MILTON may be all right, but they always smile at me when I says Good Morning, and like as not they say Good Morning to me.

OLD MAN WATKINS.—He ought to be some one because I hear he's got a lot of money, but Tuesday he ast me what I thought of politics just like I was another gen'lem'n.

THE VAN DYNES.—Ah! there's class, suh, there's class. When they give yuh a dime yuh know it; they make yuh feel like yuh was gittin' a two-dollar note. Him an' his wife is perfeck gen'lm'n—they don't never speak to me at all. Why, they would n't no more look at me than if I was a snake. No, sir, it's ring the bell—head up in air—pass in—pass out; that's the way they do. Why, George he got fired just for saying to Mrs. Van Dyne that it was lookin' rainy outside. Yes, suh, them Van Dynes is class all right. I reckon they're the swellest we got in the whole buildin'.

Horatio Winslow.

IGNORANCE of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer from collecting his bill.

WHEN a man is his own worst enemy he is usually willing to forgive and forget.



ANSWERED.

SCHOOL-TEACHER.—What farm papers does your father take?

SON OF THE VILLAGE TIGHTWAD.—First mortgages!

PUCK



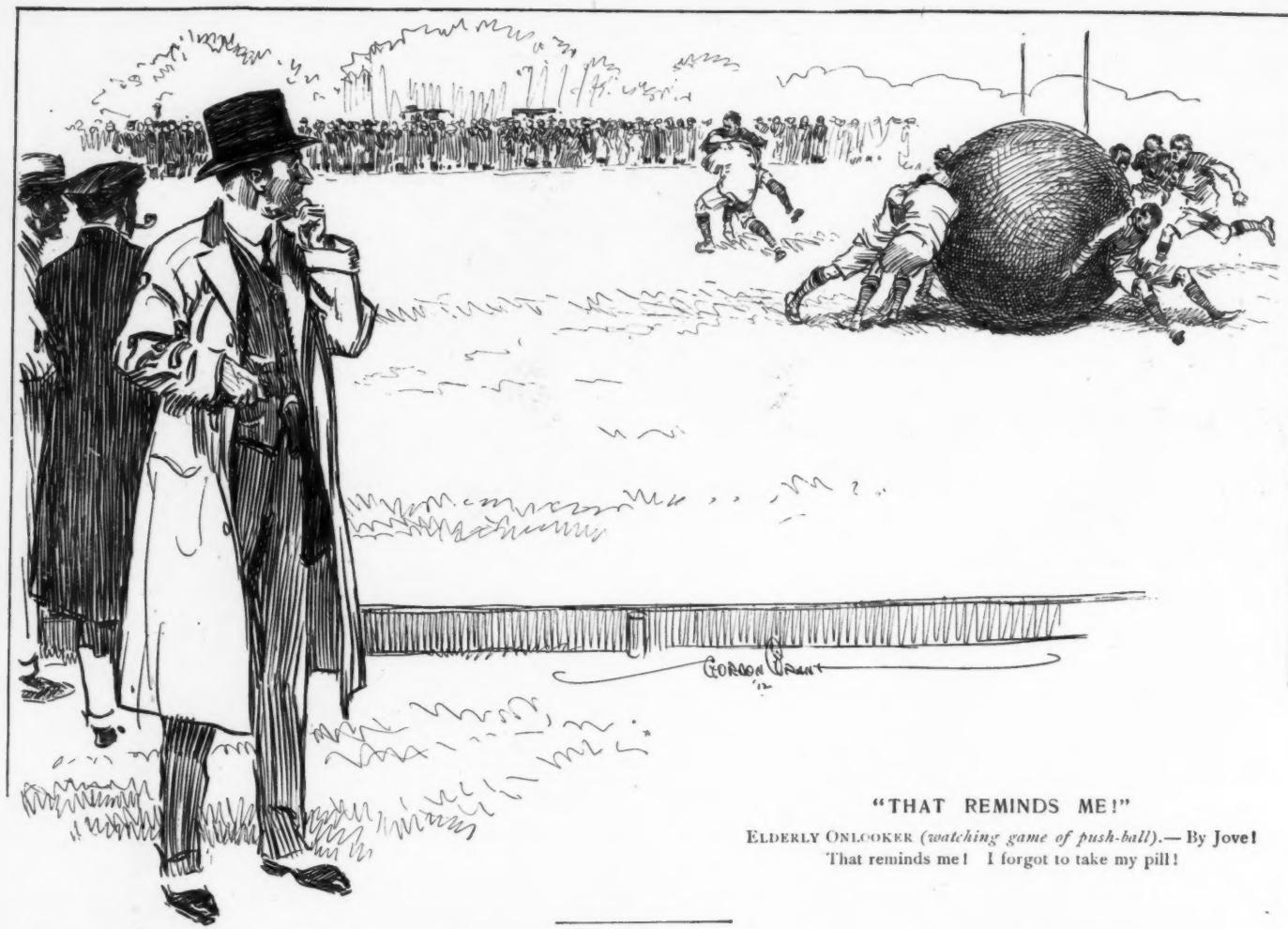
THE PUCK PRESS

THE MORNING

PUCK



MORNING AFTER.



"THAT REMINDS ME!"

ELDERLY ONLOOKER (watching game of push-ball).—By Jove! That reminds me! I forgot to take my pill!

NOTEWORTHY COINCIDENCES.

MESSRS. GRAB & CLAW, Real Estate Brokers:—

Gentlemen: I wish to inquire about the farm recently advertised by you: One hundred acres, fine house, running water, furnace heat, orchard, berry patch, two barns, and summer-house. Tools, stock, and crops thrown in; price \$1,000.

HENRY UNSOPHIS.

DEAR MR. UNSOPHIS:—

We deeply regret that the farm you mention was sold yesterday afternoon to one of our customers, but we have another which is practically as good and perhaps even better suited to you. It is twelve acres in extent; splendid location; fine neighbors; six miles from village; and the chicken-house is in excellent condition. If you take it now several good quality china nest-eggs will be thrown in with the place. The price is only \$1,200, and if you send us \$100 now you can secure an immediate option. Sincerely,

GRAB & CLAW.

EUREKA EMPLOYMENT AGENCY:—

I notice you advertise this morning, "Wanted Young Man to fill important and responsible position. \$10,000 a year to start. Promotion certain. No experience necessary."

I am a young man of eighteen. I can get references from Mr. Wilson, the principal of our high-school, and from my pastor. I have no bad habits.

GEORGE BONE.

MY DEAR MR. BONE:—I regret extremely to report that the position applied for by you was filled by a young man whose letter was opened seven minutes before yours. If, however, you will enclose us five dollars we can secure you a position practically as good with a prominent department store. No experience is necessary. There is no Sunday work involved

in this position, and the honorarium from the very beginning will be \$6 per week. Write us at once if you wish to clinch this magnificent offer.

EUREKA EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

HYMEN MARRIAGE BUREAU:—

Gents.: Would say I seen in your paper yesterday about the young lady with auburn hair and fifteen thousand dollars per year income, and loving heart that would like affectionate husband. I hereby apply for same as I think she means me.

HENRY HUNKS.

DEAR MR. HUNKS:—

With profound regret we are obliged to announce to you that our client accepted another offer from our list this morning before she had time to see your letter.

We have, however, in No. 4721, a lady who we think would be satisfactory in every way. She is five feet seven in height and has a permanent income of \$4 a week from the factory where she is employed. Though not young, she is of a loving disposition.

Kindly enclose us your registration fee of ten dollars at once if you wish to make her acquaintance, as our clients never stay on our books for more than a month without marrying.

HYMEN MARRIAGE BUREAU.

Horatio Winslow.



"SAY, MISSUS, YER LOSIN' YER POCKET-BOOK!"

When a man's good deeds speak for themselves, he should not permit his voice to drown theirs.

LITERARY fame often consists in having a great many people know that you have written something which they have not had time to read.

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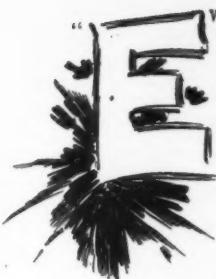
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### ONLY A NICKEL.



EVERYTHING on this earth is of relative worth;  
Sometimes it is common, sometimes it is dear.  
Even relatives, too, may be judged in this view,  
If my kind of kindred is common to you;  
They are not always worth what they seem to appear.  
And, though it is funny, it's true, too, of money,—  
Its value is changing and fickle;  
And you'll find this the truth if you'll start with your youth  
And trace your idea of a nickel.

When you were a boy there was no greater joy  
To lighten your sorrow and banish your gloom  
Than to have and to hold, with its treasures untold,  
A wonderful nickel. Its power you extolled.  
For a blessing like it put the town on a boom.  
It gave you a corner, like little Jack Horner,  
On cake, pie, and candy and pickle;  
And the bulls and the bears were the least of your cares  
In your limitless wealth of a nickel.

But when hastened by Fate on to manhood's estate,  
With gammon to right of you, gammon to left,  
The sum of five cents did not seem so immense,  
Nor the struggle to conquer it half so intense.  
If you spent it, you felt of but little bereft,  
For you said to yourself, as you gathered your pelf:  
"A muckle takes many a mickle,  
And a ride on the car or an average cigar  
Will exhaust the full power of a nickel."

Oh, hypocrite, wait! Here comes the church plate.  
You delve in your pocket, you squirm in your place,  
For the preacher's appeal has disposed you to feel  
Indisposed to obstruct the poor Hottentot's weal.  
You are very ambitious to save the whole race.  
"What sum is required?" You are really inspired  
To snatch them from sin's scathing sickle.  
Noble man! But you soar to your boyhood once more  
And redeem the whole world with a nickel!

Fritz G. Lanham.

### BANG!

BUT no! Before the bomb could burst in air, we perceived by the rocket's red glare that an intrepid recruit had leaped up, caught it in his left hand, pulled out the fuse with his teeth, and laughingly tucked the instrument of death in his pocket.



"Come, me man," we said, "surely you have enlisted under false pretenses, for how could a fledgling soldier dare such a deed without a blench? What armies have you served in?"

"None, sire," replied the gallant fellow, "only once I was a New York cop in the Black Hand district!"

### STEAM-ROLLING.

A STEAM-ROLLER is a car which takes the hills by flattening them out. Juggernaut, the famous Oriental driver, originated the type, but it has been much refined upon since his day. A Progressive steam-roller is where the muffler cut-out is constantly in use.

Steam-rollers are apt to skid, at least in doubtful States. In these States a great deal of money has been spent to make the way easy, but owing to the natural difficulties, and particularly to the wet clay of independent thinking, there is no end of trouble.

### BORNE OUT BY FACTS.

"No," said the Strong Individualist, "I have no sympathy with any of these alleged Progressive movements. Our affairs must not be administered paternally. That government is best which governs least. Each man must look out for himself."

Having thus gone on record, he quite complacently took a long drink of Municipal Water; sent the children off to Public School; entrusted to the U. S. Mail a letter ordering a bottle of medicine labeled according to the Pure Food Law; and later in the morning, when his office caught fire, he broke a button telephoning for the Fire Department and the Police.

### FORCE OF HABIT.

FRIEND.—Are you crazy! Your ball-team finished in first place, won a world's championship, and netted you almost a million, and yet you are writing articles, giving interviews, and making addresses to the effect that this was the most disastrous season ever experienced!

BASEBALL MANAGER.—I know it, but I simply can't help it. I used to be a theatrical manager, you know.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the New Woman is her abhorrent aversion to old clothes.



### EVERYBODY CHEER UP!

Dad's got his! Found it down town in a tidy red tin that just cost him a dime. Now he'd pay a dollar if he couldn't get it right handy.

Says Dad to Me, "Here is some smoking—Prince Albert. It's honest to goodness real, regular tobacco built for a jimmy pipe. Won't bite my tongue; never bit anybody else's. Just one long joy smoke that's got flavor and aroma and everything else that I never did get before."

All the boys were wise to P. A. for cigarettes long ago. They buy the toppy red bag that sells for a nickel. Handy when you roll 'em!—Get me?



POLLY OF THE CIRCUS; OR, THE WONDERFUL TRAINER.

—Fliegende Blätter.

HENPECKED MAN.—And to think that even after I'm dead I won't have any peace. We've a family vault."—Sourire.



## Bear This Fact In Mind

THE SOFT, MELLOW DELICIOUSNESS OF

# HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

WILL ONLY BE FOUND IN AN ABSOLUTELY  
PURE, WELL MADE AND MATURED WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



INEBRIATED BUT BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN (at 3 a.m., after much knocking). — Excuse me, sir; but you've got a bite! — *London Opinion*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## Great Western

EXTRA DRY

### Champagne

The only American Champagne ever awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions:

Paris Exposition, 1867

France

Paris Exposition, 1889

France

Paris Exposition, 1900

France

Vienna Exposition, 1873

Austria

Bruxelles Exposition, 1897

Belgium

Bruxelles Exposition, 1910

Belgium



Pleasant Valley  
Wine Co.

Oldest and Largest Champagne  
Producers in America  
Rheims New York

## A NATURAL INQUIRY.

Immediately following the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, in New York, the papers were full of stories to the effect that members of the uniformed police-force cleared the street in front of the Hotel Metropole in order that the assassins might pot their victim without interruption.

A night or two after the killing a very tired man was clinging to an awning post opposite the Metropole, in Forty-third Street, when a patrolman came by and ordered him to move on.

"Very well!" said the weary one thickly. "Very well, ossifer: but I'd like to ask you a civil quesh'n first."

"Well, what is it?" demanded the policeman.

"Who you fellers fixin' to shoot now?" — *Saturday Evening Post*.

## SUSPENSE.

"Muz, did you hear the step-ladder when it tumbled down?"

"No, darling. I hope papa did n't fall."

"Not yet—he's still hanging on to the picture-molding." — *London Opinion*.

KNICKER.—Do you understand mortgages?

BICKER.—Yes. The first is for the car, and the second is for the upkeep.

— *New York Sun*.

## It's the Pabst Flavor

BY GEORGE, that's what I call beer. It pleases the eye, tickles the palate, has just the right tingle that goes well with anything you eat, and makes your meals digest properly.

### Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is the only beer  
that pleases everybody.

It has a flavor all its own and  
is not to be compared with any other.

Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles,  
showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

Have a case sent home today. Phone or write.

Supplied by Best Dealers Everywhere.  
Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes.



WILLIE.—Did your mother or your father  
punish you when you were young?

TOMMIE.—Both.

WILLIE.—How did your father punish you?

TOMMIE.—He used to sing to me.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"CHOLLY received a letter this morning from Gladys Maud. He consumed an hour in reading it."

"Was the letter very long?"

"Not very. He spent most of the time looking for page two." — *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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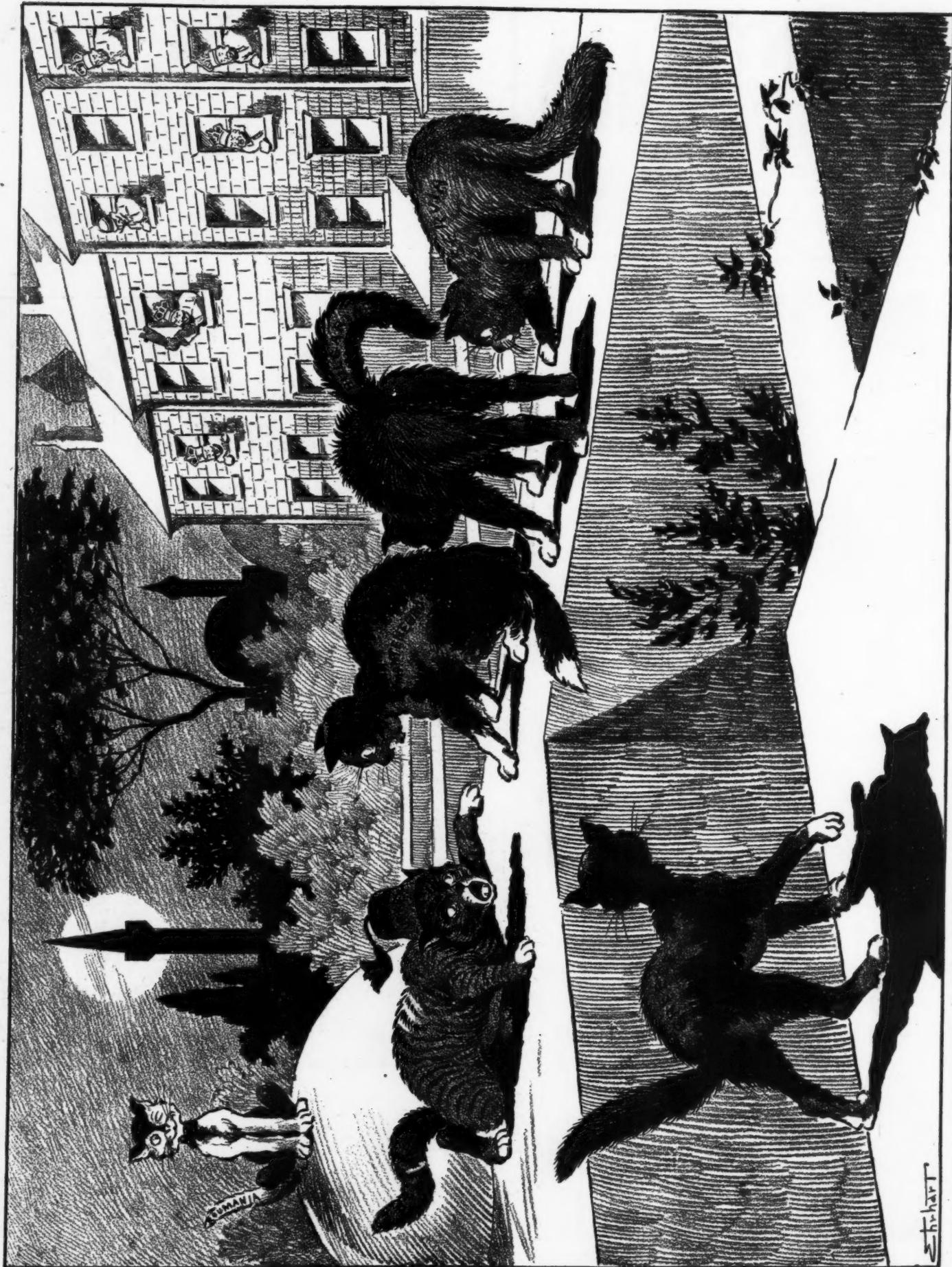
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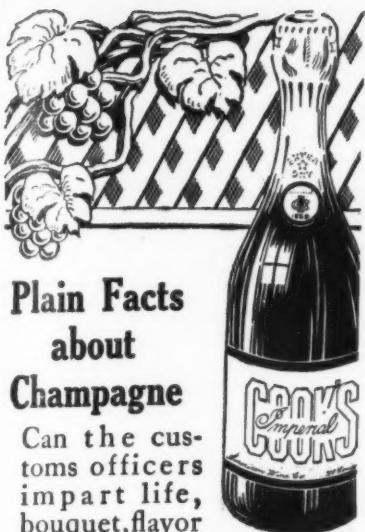
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ON THE BALKAN BACK FENCE.



## Plain Facts about Champagne

Can the customs officers impart life, bouquet, flavor to a wine? Can a transatlantic steamship freight department improve the purity and deliciousness of a champagne? If so, by all means pay \$2.00 for your champagne—of which Uncle Sam gets 60c for duty and a steamship company 40c for freight. But if not—buy Cook's Imperial and get the best of champagnes, all of whose cost goes into quality.

American Wine Co. St. Louis, Mo.



### HIS CHANCE.

MRS. HENNEPECKKE.—Well, I guess I have just as much chance of getting to heaven as you have.

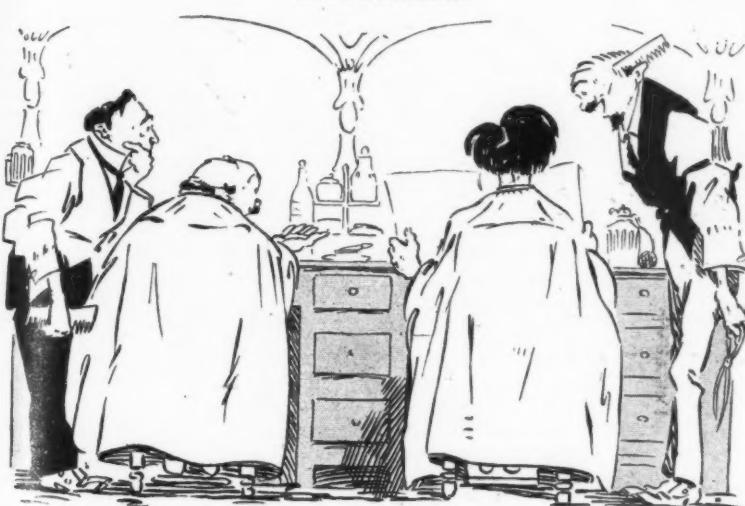
MR. HENNEPECKKE.—Not if I get there first.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I HAD a queer experience last night. A mouse ran up my trousers leg, and—"

"Gee! Did n't it scare you?"

"No. You see, my trousers were hanging on a chair."—*N. Y. American*.

### AFFECTATION.



"How shall I comb your hair, sir?"  
"Oh, fix it like this gentleman's."—*Le Rire*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"I TOLD YOU SO!"  
Wild-eyed he hails you  
'Mid the din;  
Grabs you, nails you,  
Hems you in.  
Yanks you, pokes you  
Till you wilt;  
Digs you, soaks you  
To the hilt.  
Hands you pity,  
Dams your eyes;  
Sings his ditty  
In this wise:  
"Wow! (thump)—Howdy?  
Durned ol' skate!  
Gee (slap) whilliken—  
Was n't it great!  
What'd I tell you?  
(Dig) 'Member, hey?  
Perty good dope, eh?  
(Punch) I sh'd say!  
C'u'd they hit 'im?  
(Kick) I guess 'no.'  
Not in a million—  
(Smash) Told you so!"

Moral? There is none, when you've lost  
your "dough."  
But oh, for a gun when he lets you go!  
—*The Sun*.

### TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

## Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

**Refuse Substitutes  
AT ALL DEALERS**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Prop. Hartford, New York London



GET IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE

## Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

The greatest comfort-smoke of all. Made of the finest Burley leaf possible to secure. Aged to a rare mellowness—a smoothness that delights pipe smokers.

Ask your dealer for Velvet



**10¢ TINS  
HANDY 5¢ BAGS  
One pound  
glass  
humidor jars**

NOT A BIT OF BITE



*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

MRS. JONES.—Why are you going home so soon? Surely your husband can get along without you.

MRS. SMITH.—I know it. But I don't want him to find out that he can.—*New York World*.

## SUNNY BROOK

THE  
PURE FOOD  
WHISKEY

*Is Medicinally  
PURE!*

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

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FOR NOVEMBER.**

Over Seventy Illustrations by the Best Comic Artists

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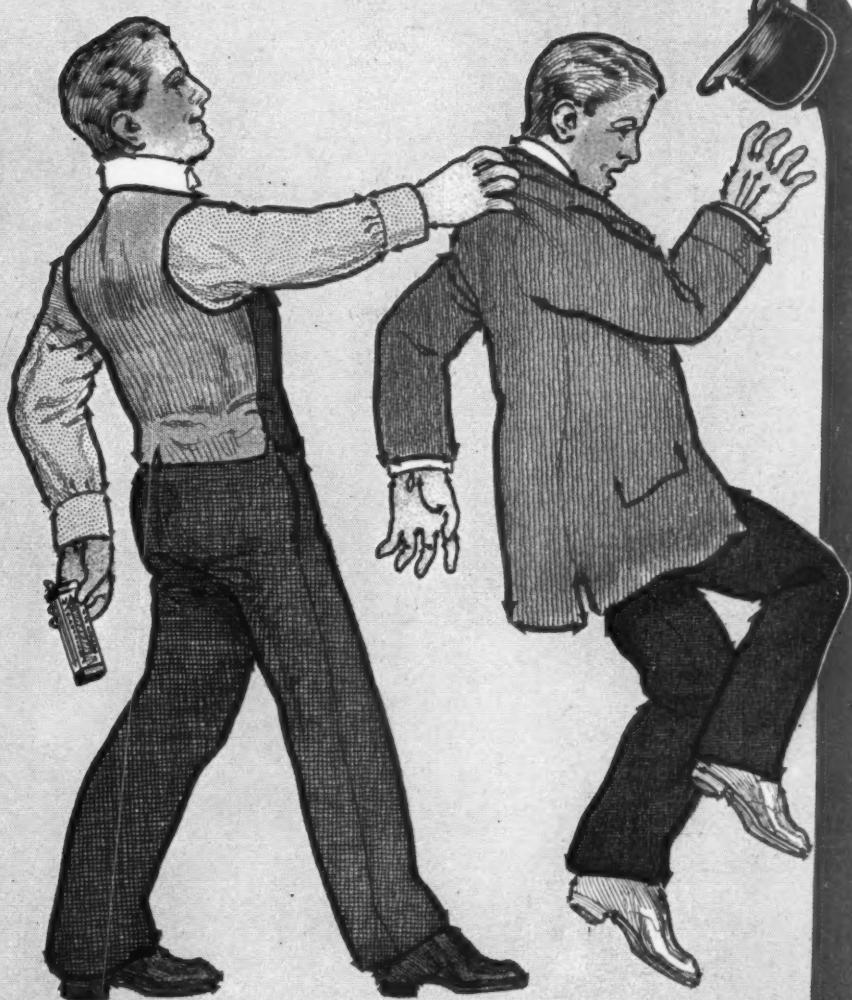
# Don't Go to Lunch Yet!

Don't go because your  
watch says so. Chew

**WRIGLEY'S  
SPEARMINT**

You'll lunch because  
your *appetite* says so.

And the appetite-sharpening  
titbit is equally useful and en-  
joyable after lunch. It brightens  
teeth and aids digestion, and  
purifies breath, besides.



## BUY IT BY THE BOX

—of any dealer. It costs *little* by the package, but *less* by the box.

Look for the Spear

The Flavor Lasts